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EDITORIAL

e've trawled the world for girls this month, poking our noses into the farthest reaches of the globe like Phileas Fogg on the hunt for the cream of babes. And... they're all British and American. Seriously, we don't know what happened. It appears French fillies are on strike, Czech girls have all checked out and the Germans apparently don't have ways of making you strip. Perhaps we should change the name of the magazine to *Club Transatlantic*. Either that, or all the countries of the world that aren't in the UK or America can buck their ideas up!

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LETTERSTOTHE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



STORY OF RIKK!

Dear Club

Your photographs of Rikki (Club 44/5) were a refreshing change from the norm. A girl who starts off nude and just gets nuder – if such a thing is possible! I usually enjoy the tease part of the striptease, but this girl had such an amazing body it was great to see it straight away. Plus, let's be blunt, she had my

favourite pussy and burn of the year! Graham, Gloucs

Yep, we were scratching our heads looking for the pictures of Rikki with her clothes on – turns out there weren't any! She insisted on sharing that – we agree – amazing pussy and burn without hesitation. Fair play to her! Dear Club,

I'm writing to tell you about a great experience. I'm a well-horny bird, and love having a thick hard cock in my throat and having a bloke suck my cunt dry. Last week I met up with a friend of an old girifriend who, she had told me, could suck a pussy clean. Well, I trust my friend and decided to see if Dave's abilities lived up to her fifthy stories.

Dave came around to my house at about eight o'clock, and we had a couple of beers to get into the mood. I was showing off my nice, big tits in a tight cotton T-shirt that was two sizes too small. My nipples were rock-hard, and I could see from the lump in his trousers he was feeling well randy.

I pinched my nipples to make them even harder, then moved my hand down to my skirt and lifted it up. I don't like wearing knickers, and I know he could see my neatly trimmed pussy. I sat on the edge of my chair and spread my lips wide and stuck my finger deep into my sugar walls. He leaned forward and sucked the cunt juice from my finger, and I could tell he liked the taste.

Without talking, he pulled his dick out and pushed it into my face. I opened my mouth wide and took it all in as he held onto the back of my head, fucking my face. Before he could cum he pulled his cock out of my mouth and gently pushed me onto my back. I spread my legs wide and he buried his head into my sticky, pink love hole. My clit was engorged like a peanut and he licked my pussy lips from my arse to my clit, sending tingles up my spine.

He was an expert cunt-licker, he worked his tongue into the flesh of my labla, caressing my flaps with his tongue, before ending up pushing it around my clit. Then he began working on my hole. His snake-like tongue flicked in and out of my minge, tasting the warm sticky interior of my hot and horny pussy. Then he began working downwards towards my arsehole, his tongue licking around the entrance to the tight pink hole, and slowly pushing into my back passage. His hands prised apart my arse cheeks so he could work his tongue in further, and I was getting so horny as he probed me down there.

As he ate deeper into my arse the bridge of his nose rubbed against my clit. He loved the taste of my arse and ate his way deeper into it whilst my clit ground against his face. Then he was back working on my clit, sucking and chewing on the tender flesh until I began to



LEXI? DANI? WHO?

Dear Club,

Wow, I enjoyed that. My two favourite girls together in one shoot had me turning straight to their pages and giving it all kinds of welly. I'm sorry to say that no-one else got a look-in and still hasn't – I can't get past the lesbian antics of the two hottest women on the planet right now. Justin, Newcastle

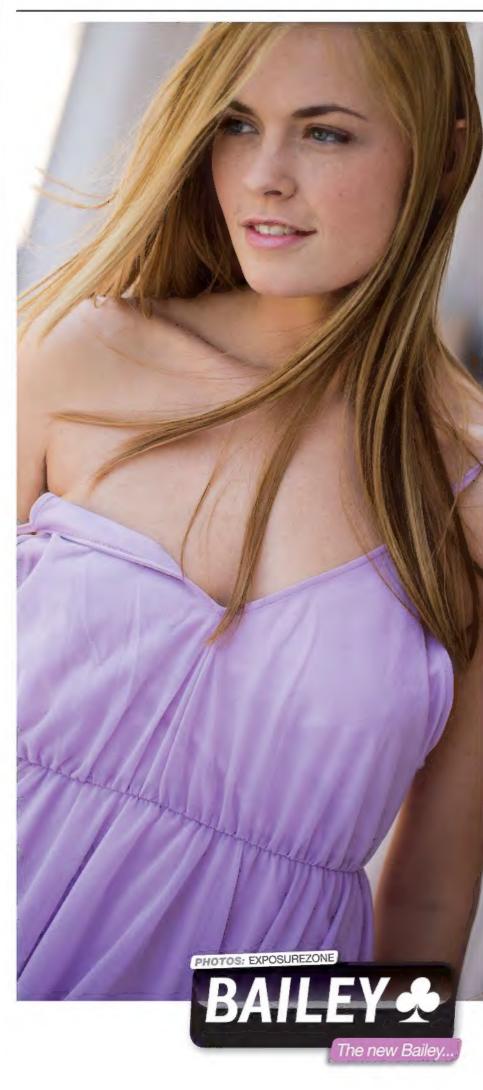
Justin, we're glad you appreciate the lesbian activity of those two girls. If only we knew which two girls you were talking about, everything would be a lot clearer! We assume you're referring to last issue's Dani/Lexi summit. In which case, we agree!

cum and cum, squirting juices into his mouth which he lapped up eagerly – I don't think he wasted a single drop of my delicious fanny juice. Hearing him slurping at my gash was making me want to climax again, but I knew that would be selfish. Besides, I wanted to taste his hot cock again!

Now it was his turn. I knelt down in front of him and took his big dick into my mouth, my tongue running across the thin slit at the top. Then I began to deepthroat him, but before he could shoot his load I pulled back and began licking my way up and down his pink rod.

I knew he wanted to shoot, but I figured I'd make this the blowjob of a lifetime. His balls were shrunken and tight, their delicious load almost ready to spray. I took them into my mouth one at a time and sucked on them, then went back down onto his hard shaft, bobbing my head up and down. When he came, I just had to taste it, and he was delighted when I showed him the wad of sticky spunk sitting on my tongue before I swallowed it!

Erin, Eltham 🍨







resh-faced 20-year-old Bailey is pretty new to modelling, but we think you'll agree with us that she's definitely got off to a sweet start.

"I was so nervous for this shoot," she tells us, "I was shaking at the idea of getting nude in front of a photographer. But once I'd started it just felt really natural."

Well, we'd call you a natural!

"After about 20 minutes all the nerves had gone and I started to feel sexy and the posing became easier. By the end of the shoot my pussy was really wet and I was ready to go again. Stuff I thought I'd never do in front of a camera was going through my mind."

Like what?

"Like doing it with another girl. I think I'm ready for that now, as long as you are."

Well, duh! 🏚















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FREEXXXMAG



French Open Tourie

Britani Garres, Paris Adile Mar in 11th June

s the second 'Major' of the tennis season approaches, people who care about these things such as John McEnroe and the middle class are asking the same simple question: Can Rafael Nadal turn a dismal run of form around at a tournament he's pretty much owned in the past?

The man from Mallorca has. prevailed on the clay courts at Roland Garros an incredible nine times in the last ten years. However, after somewhat predictably swatting aside Novak Djokovic in the final here last season, the slow-surface. specialist hit a shocking rut that saw him endure career lowlights including defeat to 143rd ranked Nick Kyrgios in the fourth round at Wimbledon and then have to pull out of the US Open through injury. To make matters worse at this year's Australian Open Nadal lost in straight sets at the quarter-final stage to the Czech Republic's Tomas Berdych as player fie had previously beaten

If you sit in front of the telly for long enough watching sport, then surely by default you should learn things both interesting and informative about the genre. Matt Loxham disproves the theory...

17 times consecutively prior to, that encounter.

Things might be looking a bit shit for poor old Rafa at the moment, but his nyels will be rubbing their racquets with glee, tennis being essentially a game for ruthlessly competitive cunts. Djokovic, who ranted in the general direction of a terrified ballboy when he was losing the other week, now comes to Paris as bookie's favourite on the back of winning that aforementioned Australian Open and, given the French is the only major he's yet to win, the current world number one will naturally be gagging to take his golden chance with his main nvai ailing.

Beyond Novak and Nadal you might need a pair of binoculars to find the next man in the betting, one Andy Murray, runner-up to Djokovic at the Aussie Open and the Miami Open already in 2015. Despite playing well at present. Murray, is relatively crap on clay, although he has been practicing specifically on the surface and came out recently saying he



could dethrone Nadal, and don't think he meant knock him off the toilet.

Honestly, the poor Spanish lad is struggling a bit for form and fitness and suddenly all the bloody vultures are circling. and if we can stretch that tired analogy a little further, Roger Federer would probably be the one to land first and have a cursory peck at Rafa's forehead to see if he was still alive. You see, the Fed Express, 63, has serious beef on clay with Rafa after losing four finals to him in Paris. Interestingly, Big Rodge won the only French Open over the last decade that his nemesis: didn't, beating Nadal's surprise fourth round conqueror, Robin Societing, in the final

Federer undoubtedly has the pedigree to win at Roland Garros and is also enjoying something of a resurgence after pundits had rather rudely written him offices, old and fucked, although they may have used different terminology. The opportunity to potentially turn over the great clay court trophy snatcher will no doubt provide further motivation.

and suddenly realising that I only have room for a couple of sentences on this which looks terribly sexist, currently in-form pair Maria Sharapova and Serena Williams have between them won the last three French Opens. Third ranked Simona Halep loves the surface and was beaten in the final by Sharapova in 2014. Ahem, and that's all you need to know really...



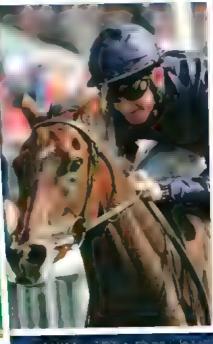
Champions Loague Final

Harris Halland, Bullion

s all footy fans in this country will no doubt be all too aware, from and English perspective the biggest competition in club football has been something of a massive letdown this season. Okay, so Manchester City losing out to Barcelona and even Chelsea's narrow defeat to Paris Saint-Germain can probably bed forgiven, but for all Monaco big-spending and ambition, Arsenal's dismal performances against Berbatov and Co. particularly on home turf, carl certainly not, Liverpool's failure to progress from the group stages should serve as a wake-up call to all those delirious fools who still consider the Premier League to be the best in the world. It's just fucking not, okay, so all you pundits looking to fill a bit of

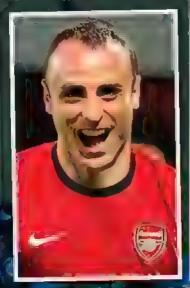






dead air can stop going on about it. Okay, so the most frantic and, unpredictable, arguably, these being some of the attributes that contribute to our game's downfall on the big European stage (climbs down off soapbox, foaming at mouth).

By way of current contrast. Spain's La Liga has had a trio of representatives in the quarterfinals for the last three seasons and two in the semi-finals for as far back as I can be bothered looking on Wikipedia, boasting the kind of consistency that the top Premier League teams threatened to almost establish not so long ago. The meteoric rise of German club football looks to have levelled out, and only the mighty Bayern Munich reached the quarter final stage this year - the Bundesliga boasted both finalists in 2013. As for the Italians and their flagging Serie A





Juventus provided a glimmer of hope for a league in the dolorums.

Whichever team prevails at Berlin's Olympic Stadium on June 6th in front of any estimated global audience of 165 million, the competition as a whole teaches us a couple of things perhaps more significant for us than the final result itself—Spanish football is thriving whilst our Premier League pales by comparison. But what do we do about it?

The Oaks and Dorky

Spaces Domin June 200 & 600

champagne or underprints. Chamel 4 and a can of Carling – it doesn't matter how you experience the

cream of the British flat calendar, because as long as you enjoy top quality horse racing you'll be just fine wherever you are. Featuring fields comprised of the best temale and male three year olds in the business battling to prove their classic credentials over a gruelling one and a half mile course, The Oaks and The Derby make stars, break reputations and bankrupt punters

First up it's the turn of the fillies, with The Oaks taking centre stage on the Friday of the Investec sponsored festival. The winners list for this Group

who romped home in the slightly less glamorous environs of Doncaster. Together Forever and the lightly raced Words yet more of O'Brien's possibly endless parade of hopefuls, both serve to provide solid ante-post betting opportunities and neatly complete the romcom movie title theme. This is a girl thing after all

For the boys, who take top billing on the Saturday, John F Kennedy and Ol' Man River are amongst the fancied runners – trained by, you've guessed it, Aiden O'Brien, who incidentally

who of some of the most talented and resilient female horses in the sport of kings, including the Henry Cecil trained Oh So Sharp, winner in 1985, and Alexandrova, ridden to victory by Kieran Fallon in 2006. Last year's best, Taghrooda, went on to win Britain's premier weight for age race, the King George Vi and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, in the same season, before a poor draw saw her come up short in the Prix De Larc De Irlomphe

Market leaders for this year's running include the Aiden O'Brien trained Found, who won a big race in Paris at the end of last season, and Beautiful Romance,

has saddled the last three Derby winners. Bidding to break the dominance of the O'Brien empire is Andrew Balding with the relatively experienced Elm Park winner of the Group 1 Juddmonte Royal Lodge Stakes and the Group 1 Racing Post Trophy as a two year old – which my Insider sources in the business (Google search, Sporting Life website – Ed) tell me is pretty impressive stuff for any young colt.

Whether Irish eyes are smiling or someone manages to knock of Ener off his peach. I'll be eat in my pants with a Carling frittering away my hard-earned but nonetheless enjoying a British sporting occasion to savour.

















OFFYGURHEDONIST

The page that's already done its Christmas list...

RATINGS:

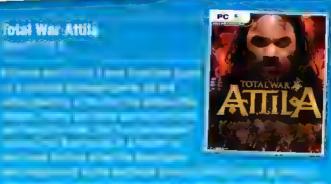
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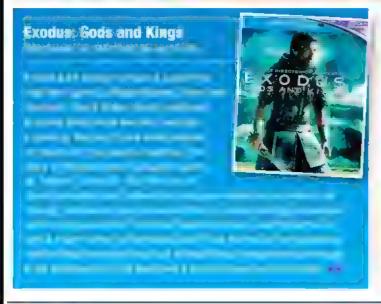


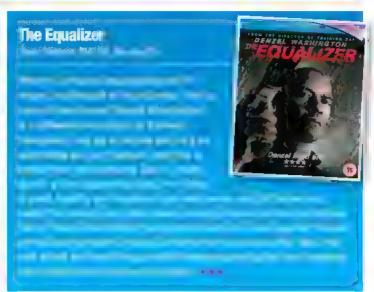












The World At War

(Fremantle Home Ent., Blu-ray £25)

One of the landmark TV series gets the hilder remaster it deserves. Yes, there are cropping issues with the switch from 4 to widescreen, yes, Laurence Olivier accents sometimes grate but also, yes, it's fantastic. Brilliantly written, produced and directed, it's the definitive document of World War Two.



Midnight Rus

A nice picture upgrade from the DVD we've, been stuck with, Martin Brest's crime caper still delivers. De Niro does funny, helped by a stellar turn from the never better Charles Groofin. New interviews make up the aras, just a shame about the lacking of commentary.





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What We Do In The Shadows

(Metrodome, DVD £7.00, Blu-ray £17.75)

There are plenty of flat-sharing cornecies in the world of TV and film (Game On but few where the tenants are all immortal vampires. This gem from Taika

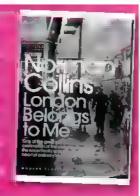




London Belongs To Ma

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Home Floor

Massic: Oprinci

Sweet Smell Of Success

(Arrow Academy, Blu-ray £14.55)

Director Alexander Mackendrick's Ealing classics – The Man In The White Suit. The Ladykillers – were sharp, but scarl preparation for the dark and acerbic classic he made in America. Shot in black and white punctured by neon, this



Ex Machinia | This First | 80 Aug | Brian K Machinia

Page 1 Library 1



Arkham Asylum

Grant Marrison, Save Michael

Professional Communication of the Communication of







Samsung Gear VR

www.samsung.com

Those of us who get travel sick are slightly worned about the new generation of virtual reality headsets. Where do we fit in? Such envy goes away when you look at the reality of using something like the Gear VR, however. On the surface it seems a total steal – virtual reality for south of £200 means it could be a serious competitor for Project Morpheus and Oculus Rift. Until you realise that £185 gets you a headset which relies on you having a Galaxy Note 4 to make it work – and such a thing costs an extra £600. So, good if you have one already, not so much otherwise.

Pros: Head tracking, price.

Cons: You need a Note 4 or it's a paperweight.



Oppo N3

http://global.oppo.com

People tend to be a bit sheeplike when it comes to phones. You've got the divs who'll line up all night for the latest Apple Phone (that they could, you know, get the next day without the queue) and you've got the refuseniks who scorn Apple in an equally silly way. There is another way, and that's to weigh up each phone based on its merits. On that basis the N3 is good - Oppo phones tend to have some really interesting technology but without the aesthetics some demand. With Wi-Fi ac, a top screen, a hinged camera for selfies and a fingerprint scanner, this is well-specced at a decent price. Take that, sheeple!

Pros: Feature packed. **Cons:** Not the best looking phone.



Mad Catz FREQ 9

www.madcatz.com

The niche market for serious PC gamers is no joke. Huge keyboards with super-sharp response times and buttons you'd never see on a standard QWERTY set-up is just the start of it. They want good headphones for those 12 hour DOTA sessions as well. Once they're set up these do a great job and they wireless so the cord doesn't get in the way when fast reactions are needed. A custom app controls them and keeps an leve on battery life, while sound is good, if not £300 good.

Of course, Mad Catz used to make ersatz accessories, and these look as horrible as most of their back catalogue. They're good at tech, not so good at aesthetics.

Pros: Lots of features for serious gamers Cons: Pretty ugly. 🖢





hen Aaliyah and Cherrie check into a hotel room, the Do Not Disturb sign is pretty much mandatory. If you work as a maid, there isn't a teeny, weeny chance of you catching them in the middle of a sexual act, there's more or less a 100% chance. When we get a room, we check the minibar first. These two just lock the door and get stripping. Hopefully the walls will be thick enough to muffle some of the moans and cries that are also guaranteed. And if you're a lucky bloke who works in room service here, you just might get a special , invitation that's better than a tip. 🌲































CRUFF JUST GE

The Scruffalo is back...

★ NAMA MOUSKOURI ★★ NAMNY MCPHEE ★★★ NAMBOS ★★★★ NAMNY EXCHANGE ★★★★ NAAN BREAD











Wicked's All-Sex range cuts down on the fluff that fills their features. ieaving us with just enough time for classic porn set-ups like sticking it to the nanny. We're happy with that, and even happier when stunners like Keisha Grev and Alex Tanner

are on the job. The winner is a scene featuring the gorgeous and ever so rude Amirah Adara and Karia Kush tag-teaming one lucky tool. We'd like to live in this nanny state, ★★★★



Girls of Summer (Digital Playground) -

Digital Playground have made better films, they've made ruder films, they've made much more expensive films. But this one just feels like the right film at the right time - we could use some sunshine, and these airls deliver it in spades.

Model-class babes doing sex? Sometimes it's just that simple Sultry Destiny Dixon is our main crush here (and a former Club babe), but we wouldn't kick any of them out of bed. ***



انعدادي وجلار

You have to budget for a certain amount of cheating in the porn game. After all, we don't think that Stella Cox is in exclusive relationships with the 30 or so blokes we've watched poke her over the last 12 months. She's one of the main reasons to watch this nice effort from Private, although there isn't a duff girl or scene. Misha Cross brings edginess, the rest just seem like damn good fucks. Feel free to cheat with us...





enny is a bit of a film buff on the sly, and she's excited about all the new blockbusters coming out this year – Avengers, Star Wars, Jurassic Park – but she reckons you have to see them at the cinema, not at home.

"I find cinemas sexy," she purrs. "It goes dark and when I get excited my hands wander. A girlfriend and I fingered each other during *Under The Skin* and one of my male fuckbuddles got a hard-on over that girl in *Inherent Vice* so I gave him a blowjob and let him spray over my popcorn. It tasted extra special..."













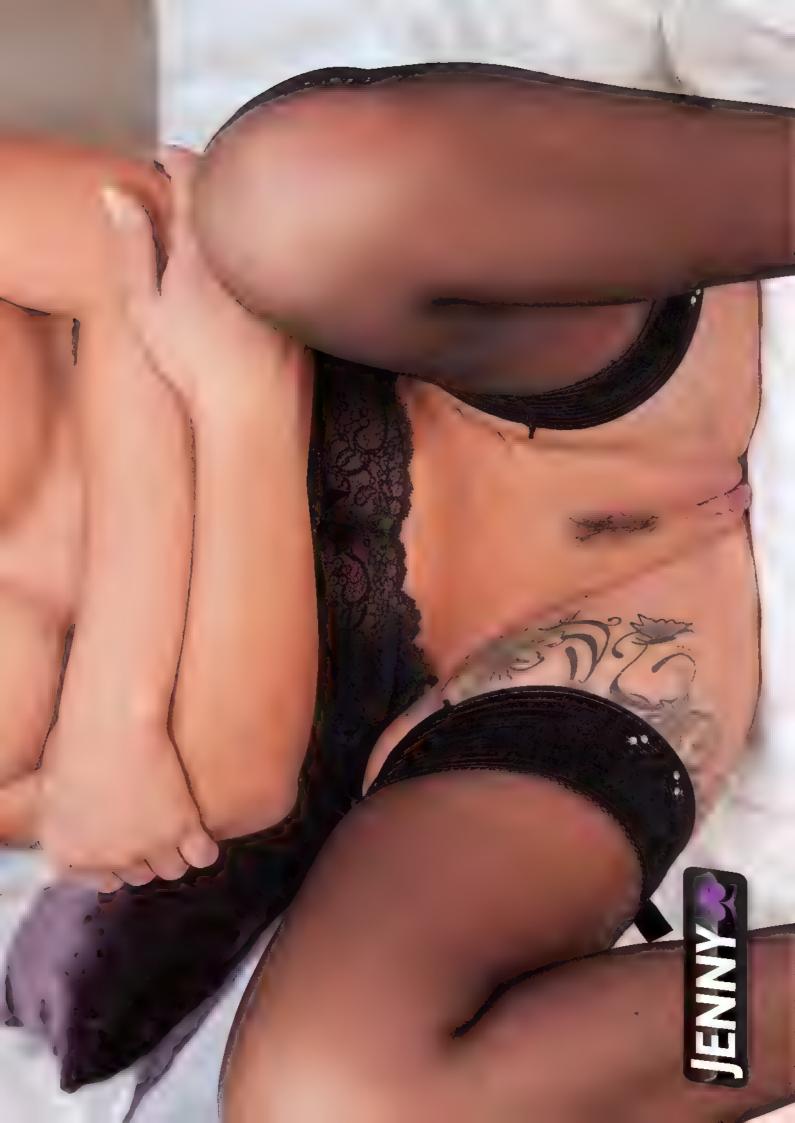
























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THE

Reese Witherspoon

GL® BE THEATER

All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

hether you prefer Reese
Witherspoon or Reese
Withoutaspoon, we definitely
like Reese Withoutclothes.
But the star has left us hanging since 1998's
Twilight (no, not that one), getting on for 17
years without so much as a nip slip. No gash
as June Cash, no mons in Legally Blonde.
Hurrah, then, for 2014's Wild, for which she
got an Oscar nomination while giving us a
diamond cutter lob-on. She plays Cheryl
Strayed, who definitely strays from the path
of chaste behaviour. Regardless, it's a very
welcome look at Reese's pieces!





TALKIN' BLUE

iot an experience to share? Then — dirt in to Talkin' Blue a





FUCKED STRAIGHT!

I've always believed that I was a gay woman. So when I met Julian and found myself blushing, I was surprised to say the very least Julian is an electrician and I'd hired him to rewire the Victorian terraced house I bought not long ago. The place was a mess but, because of its condition, it fell within my budget. I was sick of being cramped in a flat. Only the house wasn't in any condition to live in – not yet.

I was over there, discussing where I wanted the kitchen sockets, when I felt my first ever stirring of lust for a man. To be fair, Julian is not exactly your ordinary tradesman. He is slick, professional and successful. He's also well-muscled, tanned and extremely masculine. But the real spanner in the works was that Julian had recently married a really gorgeous looking Asian girl who works at the local branch of my bank. In a sense, the fact that I knew her – and fancied the knickers off her – made the situation even more impossible, with no room for maneuver.

Anju and I had been friends for a while. I'm currently renting the flat over the butcher's next to the bank where she's a teller. In fact, it was she who introduced me to her husband. As I decided on light fittings for the new place with Julian, I began to wonder what it would feel like to be penetrated by a real cock. As the afternoon wore on, the more I obsessed about it. I began to feel incredibly aroused and fidgety around him, and to my surprise he began to flirt with me. By the time

I saw him off, locked up and left, my feelings were so confused that I was glad to get back to my flat.

It was a Friday evening and I stopped at the newsagents. Anju was in there buying Julian's cigarettes. She asked how things were going at the house and remarked about how much Julian liked me. I couldn't help blushing, and when Anju asked me to join them for lunch at their new home the next day I was flattered.

It was a warm summer day and I wore a thin cotton sun dress. When I got to their place, Anju told me Julian had been called out on an emergency. Nevertheless, we two enjoyed our lunch and chatted about our lives. The more time I spent with her, the more conscious I became of my attraction to her. During the meal I couldn't help noticing that her full breasts and large nipples were pushing irresistibly against the thin fabric of her summer top. I had an undeniable urge to

Our tongues danced as we kissed deeply, and I felt my insides melt. Still kissing, I moved my hands to her breasts, lightly rubbing her nipples until I felt them harden from my touch. She gasped, and I peeled her top over her head and began to suck and tease her wonderful dark nipples.

Anju moaned and pulled me up, leading me upstairs and into her bedroom. Obediently, I followed her, her dark eyes flashing mischievously as I pushed her down on the bed. Kissing and licking my way down from her breasts to her navel, I let my fingers trail down to the top of her skirt. She whimpered in anticipation as I eased her skirt off.

She was wearing white lace panties that accentuated her full hips and dusky skin. I dipped my face toward her pussy and breathed in deeply. The musky smell almost drove me wild, and I began to snuffle my way to her engorged clit, my face pressed against the gossamer fabric of those panties. As she



I moved my hands to her breasts, rubbing her nipples until I felt them harden to my touch"

cup one in my hand, to feel the weight and softness of it, to remove the layers between myself and her luscious skin and gently suckle the firm nipple until moans of pleasure escaped her mouth.

There was a growing heat between my thighs at this thought, but I quickly dispelled the fantasy. Somewhat flustered, I began to talk to Anju about her husband - never once thinking the attraction I had for her was mutual. As we talked, my eyes inevitably moved back to her breasts. A few times she caught me staring at them, and it was then that I saw a hint of lust in her eyes when she held my gaze. I was nothing short of tormented by my longings, and without thinking I reached toward her erect nipples. She did not move away and, as my fingertips brushed against her breastmound, she leaned over and kissed me. Tentatively, I returned her kiss, my tongue parting her soft lips and probing her mouth.





felt the flicker of my tongue, her hips bucked forward, trying to get more pressure from my mouth. I pulled her panties down, discarding them on the carpet. She lay naked on the bed before me, a picture of perfection. I could see her wetness glisten through the dark curts surrounding her dark pussy lips, and I could wait no longer.

Stripping off my own clothes so I could feel her skin on mine, I lay on top of her and kissed her deeply. Her delicate hands manipulated my buttocks, and she began grinding her hips against my crotch. Lightly biting her nipples, I let my hand wander between her thighs, feeling – and exulting in – the heat and the wetness. Anju pushed against my hand as I stimulated her clit.

As I moved down, my tongue made contact with her sensitive bud and she shivered as if she'd received a mild electric shock. I licked along her swollen labia, dipping my tongue into her wetness, then back up to her clit. Then, licking two fingers, I slowly pushed them inside her, prodding upward and finding her G-spot. Once my fingers were in place, I set my tongue to work on her clit. Thrusting and sucking, I heard her moans become more rhythmic. Her breathing quickened, and she cried out in pleasure.

My pussy was aching, so I began to frig my own clit with my free hand. Using quick steady movements, I moved in time to the undulations of Anju's pelvis. Her moans were much louder now, and I was working so quickly between her legs and my own that I knew we were both on the verge of climax.

I pushed a third finger inside her and felt the muscles begin to tighten, and then she came with a force unlike anything I have ever experienced! The muscles spasmed tightly around my hand, and I felt the rush of her juices over my face. At this moment, I felt my own orgasm take over, and allowed the sensations to overwhelm me. I collapsed on top of Anju, my head between her breasts

and we drifted off to sleep.

I awoke with a terrible start to feel a pair of strong male hands lifting me off of Anju's body. I sat bolt upright, expecting anger – but instead Julian held me to him and kissed me on the lips, tasting his wife, before settling on the bed between Anju and mel Julian and his lovely wife both caressed every inch of my body and I felt myself becoming so aroused that my whole frame trembled.

"Do you want me, too?" Julian whispered in my ear. I felt conflicted after making love with Anju, but when I looked in her eyes I saw nothing but pleasure. I nodded my head, feeling shy when I explained that I had never been with a man before. Aniu stroked my hair and promised her husband would be gentle. As he took me into his arms, Julian's fngers felt firm, but they were gentle when he touched me. As his mouth closed over one of my nipples, his hand slipped between my thighs. He took his time, knowing that no other man had ever touched me like that before. He traced a path of kisses across my belly and down between my legs, and I groaned with pleasure as he tongued and sucked at my swollen clit.

After a while, he stripped off his shirt and tossed it aside. Standing, he unbuckled his jeans and pulled them and his boxers off his hips to reveal his strong thick cock. I could feel my pussy tighten just at the sight of it, and I desperately wanted to feel him inside of me. Slowly caressing my thighs, he eased my legs apart and teased my clit with the tip of his dick before he slowly pushed it in. I felt my pussy walls automatically tighten around him and a throbbing deep inside my cunt.

He pulled me to him, and I spread my legs wider to give him better access. My pussy felt like it was on fire as he thrust into me harder and deeper, but soon the dry pain gave way to a moist pleasure as I felt the pressure growing deep inside my belly. Digging my fingers into the tight muscles of his shoulders, I begged him to fuck me harder. I gasped and squeated as his thick cock plunged in and out of me, my nails digging into him as he gripped my hips and pumped with darting movements that made me want to scream.

I whimpered with pieasure as he suddenly thrust into me even harder. Clinging to him, I screamed his name as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. The whole experience made me cry out, and I shuddered head to foot as he shot his hot cum deep inside of me. When at last Julian rolled off me, Anju snuggled between my thighs and – with great deliberation – began

to gently lick out her husband's semen as I ay there, glorying in every sensation.

Vanessa, Hull

FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING!

I've always loved my friend Liliian in a "girlstogether", "best mates" sort of way. She's beautiful and – these days – extremely hot.

Not so long ago, however, she used to be pretty uncool... especially when it came to relationships. We are both students; we've been sharing a flat for the past two years, and Lily always maintained that she was saving her cherry for the right man. I mean, what kind of crap is that? I go out every weekend to get laid. Call me a lesbo, a tart, a whore, or a slut – I like getting my hole. That's normal. But Lily is different... or at least she was until I showed her how to chill, and my fuck-chum Tom made a real woman of her.

One evening about a month ago I was in bed in my room "studying" (or going through the motions of it, anyway), when Lily arrived

I nuzzled her nips as she held the vibrator smack bang against her clit. She had her first orgasm"



home, asking me in the passing if she could borrow my vibro.

"Fuck, yeah," I said in surprise. Whipping it from between my pussy lips beneath the duvet, I wiped it clean on the sleeve of my cardigan and handed it to her. She had never asked to borrow it before, and, curiosity getting the better of me, I asked if her love life was hotting up. Well, lo and behold: it turned out that she'd finally decided to go the whole hog with her wanky boyfriend Grant.

Unfortunately for her – and to my delight – this was not now going to happen, since she'd just had a major barney with him and told him to sod off permanently. She didn't look too upset so I asked her to elaborate. She told me he had begun to feel her up and confessed that his feckless fumbling had made her feel horny as hell. She had thrown caution to the winds and was ready to go the whole nine yards

Only it turned out to be more like three fucking inches Maximum. Even Lily knew straight away that she'd be lucky to even feel something that pathetic inside her, and the



barney ensued when he asked her suspiciously if there was a problem. Now that she'd been aroused, however, she was desperate. Me, I hugged her and whooped – telling her that she was now ready for the adventure of a lifetime.

Without much persuading, she agreed to having her cherry popped by my male friend Tom... and me! As I phoned him, Lily sat on my bed and stuck my vibrator against her crotch. By the time Tom hung up, Lily had discarded her leans and panties, and I helped her remove the rest of her clothing and began to nuzzle her nips as she held the vibrator smack-bang against her clit. Within seconds she achieved her first orgasm. Shit... she was almost screaming the place down as her weeping slot spasmed and jerked until she climaxed.

I didn't want her to wear herself out before Tom arrived, so I held her in my arms and stroked her pussy to keep her on the boil. It seemed to work; she was moaning and shifting about on the bed-end. At length I heard Tom coming in. Lily jumped to her feet in alarm, but I soothed her, telling her that he'd be gentle and that I'd have her pussy well-lubricated before he even nailed her.

I stripped off and moved in front of her, pushing my belly against hers so that our public hair kissed – her gleaming brown curls brushing my sparsely covered fair-haired mound. Tom entered softly, moving into a corner so as not to disturb us. It was okay with him, because he knew he was going to get all the fucking he wanted later. Lily's ripe, beautiful body would be his – he would be the first to pop her cherry. But for the minute it was my turn, and I felt a fresh edge of excitement; this was a first time for me too. I had never been with a woman before.

Tom backed away and sat down, holding his hard cock in one hand and cradling the weight of his balls with the other. I looked over at him and smiled as he watched me stroking Lily's trembling body. She and I sank



She was wet and ready as he pressed his knobhead against her entrance and carefully eased it in"

backwards onto the duvet, our bodies entwined, sleek legs sliding together. I lowered my head to her pussy, pushing my mouth avidly into the wet folds of her vagina, my tongue probing excitedly against her clit, making her mega-sensitised bud go wild.

"I'm cumming!" Lily cried suddenly, bucking against me - her hands flashing down and catching my head, her legs lifting to coil around my shoulders. Her heels slid up and down my back as she wailed. Enthralled by the scene, Tom was now standing over us to get a better view, and I continued to muffmunch steadily into Lily's heaving box. I buried my tongue and nose in her pussy as she sprayed my mouth and cheeks with her love juices. Her cunt was contracting hard and my cheeks and lips were dripping with her exotic flavours as she came off again. But I didn't intend to stop yet. Instead I continued to lap at her cunt, my fingers gripping her soft arse cheeks tenaciously as I savoured my first taste of another woman's pussy.

Tom's cock must have been aching by now. When I glanced sideways, I noticed his shaft was pulsing with urgency. He got down on his knees behind me and ran his hands over my buttocks. I spread my thighs immediately, sensing his need as I kept eating into Lily's snatch, making my lovely but naive flatmate squirm helplessly.

Tom rubbed his helmet up and down in the crack of my uplifted arse, and I rolled my

buttocks and made humping motions, but from that angle I couldn't force his cockhead between my labia. Not to be defeated, he repositioned himself and guided his knob between my fanny lips, finally shoving his prick up into my drenched slot. I was tremendously aroused and Tom's prick slipped in a treat, reaching up until its length was buried inside my clenching love-hole.

I groaned loudly into Lily's cunt as I feit his meat slip home to the balls, and Lily opened her eyes and stared, seeing for the first time what he was doing. The sight of him fucking me from behind turned her on even more.

"It'll be your turn next," Tom promised her. "You'll like it as much as getting your pussy eaten – maybe more."

Lillian's eyes were wide and fuzzy with passion; she couldn't seem to look away from what was happening, even though her body was twitching and her belly surging as the sensations within her own aroused vagina were building swiftly to another orgasm.

Tom pumped his prick strongly into my cunt as my vaginal walls contracted around his shaft. He held onto my waist for balance, and made little sweeping circles with his

submerged cockhead, giving me as much pleasure as he was receiving from it. Then I felt Lily lurch suddenly, her crotch grinding almost savagely into my mouth as she came off once again. Seeing this, Tom pulled out of my pussy and finished me off ASAP with his fingers, slamming them into my aching twat with practiced ease and making me orgasm hard.

Then with little thought as to my feelings, he practically pushed me aside and gently parted Lily's pussy flaps. She was wet and ready as he pressed his knobhead against her entrance and carefully eased it inside, murmurina encouragements and making little appreciative sounds as he eased his stonking hard cock inside her super-tight pussy. Lily's hands were gripping him tightly as he pushed his rod further inside - pausing every so often to allow her contracting pussy to relax and get used to the fullness of

Her pupils were dilated and

she seemed to be in a haze of bliss when Tom's helmet ran up against her hymen. He moved his cock around inside her to loosen her up, and then with one hard jerk he burst his way through the membrane... silencing her cries with a deep kiss, and waiting for her to relax again before he continued to fuck her.

As he pumped her to another rousing climax, I took up my vibrator and stuffed it inside my oozing twat, twisted the whiring device inside me. I came off again, even harder this time, spraying my essences on the duvet. Lify was now getting into the swing of things, and, scrambling around beside us, I heard her ask Tom to do her from behind. Turning her on all fours, he entered her gently and began to roger her doggy-style. Lify rocked her hips back and forth and soon they had built up a rhythm and were going at it hell for leather. Lify's face was a sight to behold as Tom gripped her hips and with three hard thrusts shot his load inside her twat.

Delighted with myself for what I had accomplished for all three of us, I moved Tom aside (none too gently), and lapped his cum as it dribbled from Lily's cunt!

Megan, Durham 🍨



























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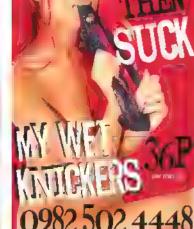










































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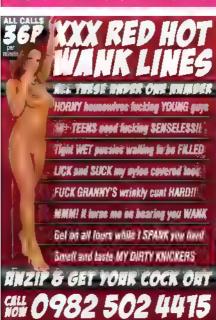




























TALES FROM THE REAR!

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"Looks like it," I said, clocking the meagre furniture in the room – an old armchair, badly upholstered in bobbly green, was the only place to sit while I unbuckled my kinky shoes.

"Leave them on," Neil instructed as I went to sit down. "You can take off your clothes but I want you to leave your shoes on and wear these." I looked back to where Neil was sitting on the bed. He was stroking his

cock with one hand while offering a couple of items in black patent leather.

"You really expect me to wear a collar and leash?"

"I didn't expect you to even turn up but the fact that you're here and not wearing any knickers... well, I took it as a good sign." Neil gave me a lopsided grin. I'd never really seen him like this; he'd always been so stressed when we were a couple. "But I'd love for you

and pulled on my breasts. My body was primed after such an extended build-up and I couldn't help but groan as he twisted my nippies as though playing with old radio dials. My breasts bounced as he finally let go of my tender teats. "Someone wants to say hello," he said, taking hold of my leash.

Applying downward pressure, Neif forced me to my knees. It felt so good to let him control me that goose bumps rose over my entire body before I came level with his cock. I'd never seen it so hard and eager, so excited and pleased to see me.

"Stick out your tongue," he demanded.
I obeyed immediately and tasted Neil's salty pre-cum as he forced a drop of liquid out from his big, hard cock. Sitting still, I let Neil rub his cock back and forth along the rough surface of my tongue, opening my mouth wider as he pushed it inside. I'd sucked Neil's cock dozens of times over the previous months but it had never been as exciting as setting him push his cock into my mouth in that hotel room as he held me in place with a

POUND OF ASS!

My ex-boyfriend is the hottest, sexiest man I know. He's not good for me, which is why I broke up with him, but the sex is so hot that I just can't seem to give it up. The post break-up sex started with an inappropriate text, with Neil saying that his cock was missing my Saturday morning blowjob.

"You shouldn't have been such an arsehole," I replied.

"I am an arsehole," he admitted, "but it's a bit harsh to punish my cock for something that's my fault." I laughed.

"I never had a problem with your cock. It was the rest of you I had a problem with." After a flurry of texts, I agreed to meet Neil's cock. "There'll be no kissing and cuddling afterwards," I warned. "This isn't leading anywhere, it's just sex."

"That's all my cock ever wanted from you." We arranged to meet in a hotel, which was exciting in itself. I'd never imagined myself going to a hotel with no intention of spending the night. "It's just sex with my ex," I thought, as I walked across the lobby and into the lift However, there was something about the arrangement which made me feel like a prostitute. My outfit certainly contributed to that feeling, consisting as it did of a tight white blouse and short black skirt with no underwear because Neil's cock didn't see the point of unnecessary clothes. With no bra, my hard nipples were obvious for anyone who cared to look and I was wet between my legs by the time I reached the room.

I knocked. "It's not locked," Neil called from inside. My heart was pounding against my ribs even before I caught the reflection of Neil lying naked on the bed with his hard cock standing up to attention. "He's pleased to see you."

Lowering my face I bit down on the leash as blunt pressure bore down into my bottom."

to put your collar and leash on and squat beside the bed with your legs open wide so that I can see your beautiful pussy." My excitement spiked as I thought about following the instructions, about showing my pussy to my ex-boyfriend. As soon as he saw how wet I was, he'd know that he could do anything he wanted to me.

Turning my back, I stripped naked, watching Neil in the mirror as I put the collar around my neck and clipped the leash onto the fastening. My knees felt shaky as I turned to face him, exposing my rock-hard nipples. I could see that Neil was delighted with my appearance. He looked at my tits and my shaved pussy, which was no doubt glistening with wetness. Subtly bending my back, I thrust my breasts forward and struck a pose.

Without saying a word, Neil slid off the bed so that he could inspect my body more closely. It made me feel self-conscious but I gasped with genuine pleasure as he got close enough for his cock to brush across my thighs. Moments later, it wasn't just Neil's cock touching me as he pinched my nipples

leash. My fingers pushed down between my legs. I felt molten inside, with my pussy positively creaming. As I masturbated furiously, it was alarming how easily I took Neil's cock into my mouth and throat. I'd never done that for Neil before and each time his cock bumped into the back of my throat, he groaned.

Soon the groans were all I was thinking about – about how I could join them up into one big groan. I was close to orgasm but wanted to wait for the hot spurt of spunk in my throat. I started moving against Neil's thrusts, which made him cum long and loud, with his cock jerking as it fired spunk into my throat, mouth and over my tits. I came too In a twisting, snarling bliss which had my body aching and arching in absolute ecstasy.

I thought we were done, as sex had always been limited to one orgasm with Neil. Apparently things had changed. "Now get on all fours," he ordered, his cock all eager and hard again.

"Yes sir," I replied, happily getting into position. Neil's hand gently rubbed across my





smooth arse and I wondered whether he was going to spank me.

"There's something else my cock wants to do. Somewhere it wants to go," he added, just as his fingertip touched my arsehole. I was glad that Neil couldn't see my face since I blushed cherry red as I realised what he was intending to do to me. Although he took his time applying some kind of lubricant to my bum hole, he didn't touch the hot spot between my tegs. At first I didn't dare touch it but eventually I simply had to and it felt wonderful as I fingered my pussy while Neil fingered my bum. "I'm going to try sticking it in," he announced. I breathed in deeply with

expectation and excitement. Lowering my face to the stale carpet, I bit down on the leash as blunt pressure bore down into my bottom. Even if it didn't go in, it would still be fuel for my masturbation fantasies.

Finally, Neil said, "I think it's gone in." I wasn't so sure but then he pulled away and I felt every ridge and crest bump through my tight arsehole. Neil's cock really was inside my bottom and my muscles gripped instinctively as he tried to withdraw. I wasn't sure what would happen next, but decided to go with anything Neil wanted to do, since he was paying for the room and the experience. He

took a firm grip of my hips and proceeded to pound my arse. It was shocking but the shocked feeling didn't linger. This was exactly the kind of uninhibited sex I'd been hoping for when I agreed to meet up with my ex. Good, hard filthy sex – the kind of sex you crave but never seem to get.

"Oh God, yes!" I yelled. "Fuck my ass!" No doubt my filthy words transferred some of the shock I had been feeling to the people in the neighbouring rooms. I didn't feel any need to hold back – there would be no recriminations since I was going to leave without even bothering to shower first. The idea of being in public covered in Neil's drying spunk with my arse throbbing gave me a delicious almostorgasm. Within seconds the real thing made my body jump and shiver as Neil's cock emptied into my burn.

"That was amazing," Neil sighed, his face dangerously close to mine.

"Hey! Don't get any furiny ideas," I protested, wriggling out of range of his kisses. "This is just sex."

"What happened to 'Yes Sir'?" Neil asked, sounding disappointed.

"That only works when your cock's hard. Is he going to get hard again?" We both knew the answer to that question. I didn't want to stay and talk but there was something that I needed to make the encounter perfect. "I need money for knickers," I said, holding out my hand. Neil shook his head in wonder as he unfurled a couple of notes. "Pretty knickers," I added firmly. "Don't worry, I won't wear them next time I see you."

Nicola, Essex

ANAL LIAISON!

I sent him the picture because I knew it would drive him mad with desire. When it comes to



sex, men are weak, while women are strong — if you know how to play the game. He'd told me that we were over, that we weren't allowed to talk on the phone. I wasn't allowed to send text messages, and emails were way too dangerous. "You can't send anything which leaves a trail," he'd said.

"What about you?" I'd asked smartly. "What about the trail of spunk you left running down between my legs?" He'd looked down for a moment and I knew he was thinking about

sent the picture of me lying on the hotel bed with two lubricated fingers wedged deep in my ass. It took almost an hour, but the knock at the door came as I knew it would.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked. For a minute, I thought he was going to cry. When it came to me, he really couldn't help himself.

"You don't have to stay long," I said, using my most soothing tone, "Just fuck my tight little ass and run home to your wife."

"I don't need this kind of shit right now,"

You don't have to stay long. Just fuck my tight little ass and run home to your wife..."

the last time he had fucked me. It might have been quick but it had been satisfying for both of us. The danger of discovery always seemed to make sex with John more rewarding. Apparently John's wife had been getting too close, nosing around his email and mobile phone, perhaps sensing that something was going on.

"I don't know what's set her off," John complained.

"Perhaps she thinks you're fucking your secretary again."

"Perhaps."

"And are you?"

"That's none of your business," John said. In actual fact, I already knew that John was fucking his secretary on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The perfume that she likes to wear is light and lemony – a contrast to the sandalwood John always wears.

The secretary was part of the challenge. I like challenges and the challenge was to make John keep fucking me despite the fact that he knew it was a really bad idea and that he obviously had other options. "We can't keep meeting up like this. We can't do this anymore," he said with false determination in his voice. "I can't keep seeing you. I can't take a chance on losing everything just because I can't keep my cock out of you."

"It's your choice," I said. That was when I

John shouted, suddenly angry "So why are you here?"

"Because you're the best thing in my life." If I was the best thing in John's life, his life must have got pretty shitty all of a sudden. I thought about leaving him alone. There was a little part of me that felt sorry for him, but then I decided to fuck him anyway. I liked what we had.

"Come-on, you'll feel better after a good shag." I undid the silky bathrobe and let it fall off my shoulders. John looked as though he was wrestling with some inner turmoil, as though he was trying to ignore my naked body. Perhaps he was trying to be a better man than he really was. It's hard for a man to make good decisions when a naked woman is offering herself to him. Stepping forward, I pushed the suit jacket off his shoulders. The sandalwood was there but the light lemony scent of John's secretary was on his lapel. "She hugged you before you left the office." John looked startled. "I realiy like the way she smells

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Perhaps we should have a threesome?"

John couldn't help but smile. "You know she'd kill me if she knew I was cheating on her." The adrenaline started pumping through me as I thought about the possibilities of getting caught – perhaps the secretary was a bigger threat than John's wife.

"I'd protect you." His face crinkled into a smile as his eyes wandered over the





curves of my body.

Tucking my hair behind my ears, I emphasised the swell of my breasts. John loved my breasts and the sexual energy started to flow between us. I let him touch them and feel their soft weight. His eyes were glued to my form and he didn't say another word as he stopped thinking about the problems in his life and just let himself

go. Although he didn't know it, that was the real reason why John kept coming back to me. Pushing my hand down the front of his trousers, I pinched the top of his stiffening cock between my thumb and fingers. Suddenly, his tie was coming off and his shirt; the belt was unbuckled and the trousers were flung over the chair by the mirror, which I had used to capture the view of my bottom. John might have forgotten all about his wife as he stripped but I hadn't. I smiled; I'd won again.

Saying nothing, I moved my hand up and down the length of his hard penis, making the purple bulb of his glans repeatedly appear and disappear. I didn't want to make him spunk like that but it gave me the sense that I was in control.

"Bend over," John growled. Excitement shivered through me. I liked it when John thought he was in control. I bent over and shot him a coy glance over my shoulder as I spread my knees, catching a perfect view of my arse in the mirror. That was what he was seeing and the view reminded me to drop my shoulders down onto the bed so that my burn was the highest point of my body.

"Like this?" I asked innocently.
Without a word, John guided his cock

He was in me, his cock stretching my arse wide as he buried himself to the hilt in one stroke"

into the slippery crease between my buttocks. My bottom was defenseless and I took a fortifying breath as he lined himself up. And then he was in me, his cock stretching my arse wide as he buried himself to the hilt in one swift stroke. My fingers curled into the sheets as the force of John's thrusts threatened to launch me up the bed. I needn't have worried since the grip of his hands on my hips was enough to stop me escaping as he pulled me back onto his dick. I was his fuck toy; a fantasy made real as he pounded into me with animalistic lust.

He never lasted long when he was in my bum but there was something determined about the way he set about fucking me that afternoon. His cock was an unstoppable piston and I realised that I might be able to orgasm before he finished. Furiously fingering my hot slit, I gasped my pleasure out loud, the bedsheets muffling my cries as my arse and pussy throbbed with stinging pleasure. "That's good," John said. "Do it faster and I'll spunk all over your fingers as you rub your dirty little pussy."

"No. I want you to do it deep in my tight little arse," I replied, flexing my muscles as I tried to make John cum first.

'Oh, fuck! You dirty little slut." The bed started shaking violently as John gave me his short strokes before he slammed into me as he started pumping spunk into my bowels. As he teased out the maximum pleasure with random thrusts, my fingers bit more deeply into my slit, crushing my clitoris against my pubic bone. With my bum held high, I almost swooned as the blood rushed down into my head but the orgasm when it came was sheer delight. Still holding my spasming pussy, I slumped forward onto the bed. John gave an animalistic grunt of satisfaction. "That's why I'll never be able to give you up." : he muttered, before heading into ; the bathroom.

I was lust drunk and barely able to focus but as the shower sprang into life I used my phone to take a picture of my reflection, already planning for the next time I wanted sex from John. I smiled as I saw the last message he'd sent me, "Don't move. I'm on my way."

Allison, Cheam 🍨







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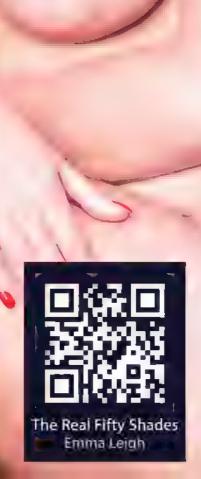
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What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WARE



Chicken Got Balls!



The pecking order was restored after Ashley Sies, 31, allegedly barged her way into the home of Patricia Leece, 61, and attempted to strangle her with a bra. Sies was thwarted when Leece defended herself with a ceramic chicken, repeatedly bashing Sies around the head with the object until she became unconscious. The police were called and Sies was removed to hospital where she was later charged with first-degree burglary.

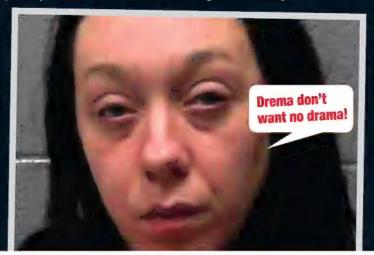
Universal Gredit!



Credit cards always have their uses as 41-year-old Brent Henry, of East. Butler enlightened us. Henry used his own credit card to jimmy open a garage door and left it behind at the scene when the homeowner suddenly startled him. The police had no trouble tracking down the miscreant and booked him in for trespass and other charges, he faces a preliminary hearing at the end of the month. Look on the bright side: I'm sure Henry will gain a platinum customer credit status after he's paid his court costs.

Nude Nabber!

A strip search wasn't necessary for 30-year-old Drema Setliff after being accused of attempted robbery. A witness told police that Setliff wandered naked into the convenience store carrying a towel (not used for modesty's sake) and proceeded to assault the female store clerk while demanding access to the safe. Police are currently unsure why Setliff then decided to hide in the electrical cupboard but they believe drugs and alcohol are possibly involved. No shit. Setliff was charged with robbery.



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